

HIRLPOOLS: A Novel of Modern Poland. By Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Children of the Soil," etc. Translated from the Polish by Max A. Drezmal. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

ground, riven by political and kiewicz draws another powerful picture of the individua! working himself out through the vicissinational life. With class congeneral foundation, and sobig with the sweeping inthe common life. In this comprehensive panorama, carrying abreast its this morning story, that one wanders many-sided phases of life-love episode, neighborhood interest, political theory, economic problem-one marvels all over again at this complete mastery of both fect art springs in living lines this seeking, restless, resisting tenacity of Polish nationalism. Another great book stands here to the account of this great writer.

THE GIRL FROM THE MARSH CROFT. Story of Gosto Berling," etc. Trans-Swantson Howard. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

straight, uninvoluted mind works out into a corresponding simplicity of literary the most definite purpose. Translation Compound, through parentage, of a has not brushed away the bloom of a certain naive quality, perhaps personal, perhaps a national trait, most delightful mannered boy-thief, liar, whatever its source. In every case this murderer and suicide by intent-at the free and simple style covers a matter last comes under the influence of the of substance. Human character under reincarnate Christ. The miracle of stress, a fundamental fact in story guise, Jairus' daughter restores to him the THE SILENT CALL: A Story of the a legend of human significance, a fancy young girl whom he loves, the victim meaning-these and other riousness of this author's work. Perhaps point in this lawless career. The study the most immediately interesting of these of character-this battle ground of tales is "The Story of a Story," record- hostile impulses, this blend of evil and ing, as it does, the sources, the develop- good, the effects of friendship, trust, ment, the vicissitudes and the consum- love, upon this Ishmaelitic boy-is race is a fact, so big, so true, so abun- modern mold. Besides these two, as an- tion as a theme for a typical modern

"The Story of Gosta Berling."

trated by W. T. Benda. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. This fascinating story about a little

hood is, with this little book in hand, set back into its delights and sorrows, o dream and belief and golden deed. This charming German recrudescence makes one laugh, a sort of laugh-and sigh-to feel herself again in this enchanted place Here are the glorious plays, so independent of circumstance and trapping, the most perfect dramas in the world; here again are the princely and princessly companions. Here is the radiant lover never again so wholly radiant as at some spot in the newness of one's first ten years. Here, too, is the comfortable intimacy with God. It is so bloomy, so dewy with bared reet through its fresh delights.

DR. THORNE'S IDEA: A Novel. John Amos Mitchell, author of "Amos Judd," etc. Illustrations by Balfour Ker. New York: Life Publishing Company.

"After asserting that Christ had appeared upon earth at various epochs since the crucifixion, he went on to By Selma Lagerlof, author of "The perfect harmony with His life and prelated from the Swedish by Velma need cause no surprise. \* \* If sent among us by a benevolent Creator upon so stupendous a duty as the redemption honestly believe in His previous coming, why doubt the coming of today?" To point this Bahaistic theory by occasion and circumstance in proof of its through the fittest word, the efficacy, Mr. Mitchell develops, by way figure, the clearest limits and of story, the study of a boy-pervert. suave swindler and a creature of teeth and claws, this handsome, ingeniousof a flash of his demoniac rage. Here like character point the se- the story closes, as a definite turning

esting, its love episode an idyl of the interest, so open to dramatic uses, that, like man, seeking through solitude and his intimate acquaintance with the great circus. As a whole, the story is more as a theme, it has become a staple in labor to forget what the world has done west, his keen love of nature and his THE GOSSAMER THREAD: Being convincing than its basic theory of literature. In recent fiction Mr. Hichens for him, and serving a turn, incidentally, exceptional ability as a story teller. Yet the Chronicles of Valleda, who un- Bahaism and other allied phases of new and Mr. London, too, have in special ap- to complex the plot a bit. These make even Mr. Garland has failed to make derstood about "the Different thought. More than once the latter plication used this thought amazingly World." By Venita Seibert. Illus- is wavering, fugitive, even timid. And well in relation to both man and beast. the new Christ, too, composite of Bible! And now, Mr. Royle, as a sequence, withstory, Kennedy's "The Servant in the out doubt, in his preparation for "The House," and the author's creative im- Squaw Man" presents a vivid drama of

> THE FIR AND THE PALM. By Olive M. Briggs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Woodward person in this current is the young half-"On the northern heights a Fir tree grows,

His head is bowed, his head is bowed: He dreams of a Palm in distant lands

Alone in the midst of the burning sands She droops her leaves, she droops her leaves, She thinks of the Fir, and she grieves, she

respectively by a New England man and dramatically and vitally good. True, a beautiful Italian. He, to all appear- parts of the local color are spread so ! ances, is a mere machine of the steel and automatic type, a surgeon of high power and place. She is a bewildering circus girl who disports herself in a huge cage' lose his heart-even a mechanical heartshe, meanwhile, in imminent danger of losing her head, as did her dainty mother hefore her. That mauling of the mother, lion brought to pass this Fir and Palm sequence. The surgeon, called, the friendless mother's legacy to him of the little daughter, and the girl's witchery, ultiof mankind, such a duty, if begun in mately dig the Fir right up by the roots out from this reading struck earnest, would not be abandoned after and send it in hurricane sweep across pricious flight of the Palm. It is charmingly and dramatically told, this dainty, impossible story. It swings from Fir to Palm. from ice to fire, from shade to sun, in ready flight. One second it is redolent of the ring, the next it reeks with hospital smells. In Italy it is sunny, odorous, lovely. Della-Rocca's diary, the mother's life story, is poetic and touching. One is to be pitied if he cannot believe fully so dear and delightful a bit of improbability.

> Squaw Man's Son. By Edwin Mil- their holdings of perfect parts of a Roman ton Royle, author of "The Squaw Man," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Woodward ber baron in type and method-for sole The bondage of the individual to the woman-a very efficient, attractive girl of

mation of this writer's greatest book, knowingly made. The action is inter- dantly verifiable, so appealing to human other person of account, is a Thoreau- American novel than Mr. Garland, with in personality, colorless rather than son. An Indian reservation, a governthe story moves in the full flavor of fa- having chosen this remote, miliar western circumstance. The chief

breed, a sturdy, handsome, interesting

fellow, who contributes to the involution of the plot an English education and training, supplemented by the personal effects of an early, ill-starred English marriage. In complement to this individuality is that of a full-blood Indian girl, beautiful, educated and consecrated and varied outlook of their personalities, to the high purpose of uplift to her race. These make the elements of substance so that at no place in this long stretch of and influence from which is drawn the struggle between two races for the possession of a man. The potent factor in to his heart of wonder-belief, since so this call of race, the love episode is sincere and fine. The general life out of -Heine's little love plaint takes form. which it springs and thrives, features of character, action, place, impress one as

> close to yesterday that they splash over examples in every day's work could be into tomorrow. Example: Certain asphalt lands, a national resource, become the subject of conspiracy and fraud. A wide-mawed trust is at hand, alert and predatory. At hand, too, is the noblest conservator of them all, a certain Mr. Gifford, head of the forestry service. equally alert, but predaceously virgin. The slang man would say that this economic episode gives to the story a righthot-off-the-plate savor; less ready people speak of it as a journalistic ardor of er gives the ins and outs of his career anticipation. Despite an occasional touch like this one, of almost raw newness, the story as a whole stands clearly among

the good ones on this theme

villa.

Deeping, author of "The Red Saint," etc. Frontispiece by A. C. Michael. New York: Cassell & Co. evolution of author gave up the design of making this an, make, by accident and at about the

through the intrigues of the man-a rob

possession, and through the discovery and

successful resistance of these by the

The story, thereafter, moves

THE RUST OF ROME. By Warwick

the trio without which few stories can the most of his opportunity. He has predistinctly unlike characters of the inciagination, is shadowy in outline, dim the Indian race-call to a half-breed, half- dents that lie along the way to a common ment agency, and the general surround- and hate and revenge as expressions of ings create the externals through which these reactions. The marvel here is that, sparsely peopled, flat area of English

commonly long story, packs it to the hedges with spirited incidents of the believable sort, and of a variety, too, unlooked for in this level tract. A wonder, also, that with but three people of the first rank and a scant half dozen of the second order, he, through the vividness covers a populous area of human interest,

events does the story sag from its taut ASTIR: A Publisher's Life Story. By John Adams Thayer. Boston: Small.

Maynard and Company.

these swift-moving days. Hundreds of that possibly in Mr. Garland's mind it is a striking illustration of the fact in his Gifford Pinchot, whose eloquent introducand prosaic process, but here revealed THE VARMINT. By Owen Johnson, fect candor and with the warmly personal touch so strongly appealing, save to the so-called scientific mind. Mr. Thayas a publisher. Advertising, a special de partment, but in his case an overlapping, in-tucking one, out of the author's experience and under its handling here, takes on a character of high value as information in this modern and wholly open field. Important men in the magazine world-managers, editors, writersare brought into this recital in a new light, divulging and most interesting. feeling at the close of this life story is that of keen gratification that the

same time, the stirring discovery upon CAVANAGH, Forest Ranger; a Romance of the Mountain West. By Hamlin sult of education away from home. There Garland, author of "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop," etc. New ful narrative. York: Harper & Brothers. No one could have been expected to do better with the subject of forest conserva-

work posthumous, a repellent thought in

face of this warm, full-handed personal

vital his concept of the new west, the ing into its changed relationship. As a of Liberty and Justice, The Doctrine of pointing. It has a certain flavor or ro- Heroes of Peace and War, Capital and young, handsome, fearless, enthusiastic forest ranger and the daughter of a Open, coarse old harridan of a hotel keeper in Plains, The Call of the Chase. a decadent cow town. But though there is abundant action the story reaches its ROAD RIGHTS OF MOTORISTS; Consupreme climax in terms quite disas-

sociated with the main theme of forest preservation. It is just short of fulfillment in respect of structural strength Furthermore, it may be doubted whether the full requirements of such a tale are served by presenting as the two chief male characters, and as the most intelligent representatives of preservation policy, a couple of Englishmen. The suggestion naturally arises necessary to look to an alien stock for

our forest guardians, a suggestion that would doubtless be promptly refuted by tion to this volume stamps it with a semi-official seal of approval author of "Arrows of the Almighty,"

etc. New York: The Baker & Tay-

lor Company. Mr. Johnson's earlier stories, "The Humming Bird" and "The Eternal Boy," have ite of the year. In a remarkable degree the author has rendered in print the at- eral rules are given the laws of the differmosphere of a boys' preparatory school. author has himself passed through this phase of the educational process. Every boy in this story is real and human. The pranks the youngsters play upon one another and upon their teachers are wholesome and have a basis of humor that saves them from vulgarity or brutality. Furthermore these boys are animated by a fine corps spirit, which is the best re-

THE REAL ROOSEVELT: His Force-

is not a dull moment in this brisk, truth

trated with portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. This Roosevelt anthology is designed to

present the man's ideas in systematic order and with a certain relationship to the under the following heads short paraings of Mr. Roosevelt: State, National Life and Character, Ideals the Strenuous Life, The Call to Arms, Labor, Populism and Other "Isms," Motherhood and "Race Suicide," Life in the Life on the Frontier and on the

taining the Rules of the Road and

the Automobile Laws of all States. By Twyman O. Abbott. New York: Outing Publishing Company. roads in this country that no interstate Y39F-D852m.

motorist is quite safe without possessing Du Boisgobey.

Y39F-D85c. some knowledge of the laws in the territories through which he passes. Famillarity with the conditions of his own jurisdiction will probably only get him into trouble when he crosses the line into an other state, for he is likely to proceed upon the assumption that what he knows is what exists ahead of him. This volume, put up in convenient form to be carried in the flap pocket of the motor car, with the road book, will keep any motorist out of trouble if he will read it and consult it from time to time as conditions change. Certain general principles or rules obtain universally, and these, to the number of 196, are set forthein the begin- Ohter ning. These relate to the relationships

reference to all parts of the volume.

ownership of a vehicle and the use of the

highway. Following this section of gen-

ent states. A general index; permits ready

ADDED & FRENCH

rious Subjects. Selected and Ar- in part to the fact that the books have ranged by Alan Warner. With a been placed on open shelves in the main v596cha.

Foreword by Lyman Abbott. Illus- lobby of the building. The following are titles added during the last few months

French Literature.

1878. Y39F-As76 Bourget, Paul erne. 1891. Y30-I Bouvier. Alexis.

Alexis. 1876. Y39F-B744am. Claretie, Jules. Dostoevskii. 1966. Y39F-D746ca. Dubut de Laforest. Grp. Petit Bob. Kohut, Adolph. Lariviere, J. L. C. de. Revolution Francaise. 1895. F5457-L324 Maizeroy, Rene. Ville d'Amour. 1894. Maizeroy. Frou: a comedy. 1870. Y39D-M Mendes. Catulle. Chemin, du

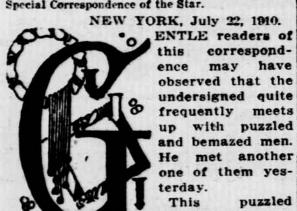
Wanda. 1885. Y38E-M672 Montepin, X. A 1886. Y39F-M76b. Ohnet, Georges. and responsibilities developing from the Obide P924c. Revoil, B. H. VE-R326b. Pastels. +Y39-R526s. Saint-Mars. G. A. C. ede C. Vicomtesse Jolie Bohemienne. 1878. Y39F-8a26j. Sand. George. Meunier d'Angibault. ed.

introduction, notes and Kuhne, Y39F-Sa5mek, Scheffer, Robert, Misere Sheppard, Nat F3954-Sh47s.F. ard. Nathan. Enfermeddans Frederic. At the Public Library the amount of Tinseau, Leon de. Princesse Errante.

French literature read by the public has Tayro.

Tinseau, Leon de. Princesse Errante.

## CLARENCE L. CULLEN MEETS PUZZLED AND BEMAZED MEN IN NEW YORK



up with puzzled

main figures of the blazing way, is and

classy gooks that I knew up elongated things, grabbing who'd just run out for a minute. 'Poor checks as they came out of the old Tom-too bad, too bad,' and he and exchanging the most inti- heaved a sigh that came from down body

cordial invite to ease in, and so I did. "They were both talking in a sort of

pair of mournful, fallen chops my way been a non-drinker. Hav- and began to shake his head and mumble I am going to re- as if he'd just got word by wireless that his bank balance was 7,000 seeds worse

on shaking his bean that way for a whole as you think. You can always get a job in this way because my, going-to-pleces old gink,' was the re-

against the breast-high barrier, replied, sepulchrally, naming his buddy

'Now, say, look a-here,' I had to say for the last year. has he been poor? And if he's poor, how

"This time he staked me to the plugged antelope gaze. It was the most re

Hurry up! Shoot! If it's a laugh uncoil

That's what he said. Just like And, examining him closely I wheeze either. He meant it for the real And while he was getting that proof stuff was standing out in concenrated beads on his own forehead, and he was nodding to the barkeep to mingle him another one of the same.

'Oh Tom's drinking himself to death, formed him that I hadn't an idea on

began on that conk-shaking thing again. has been arranging for a pickle finish

noney, and of course he won't be able 'Gosh all fish hooks,' he went on, get-

from his office and joined us again. Ap- myself, just to give him a chance to go

it, and I beat him to it.

George and I have been dubbing ber by pulling the silence thing, and he went on shaking his bean and murmur-

-can see what is happening to the poor about it, hey?' said I, just to skid him what's happening to George. Literally give him a chance at the bat. dying standing up.'

a lot of 'em mumbling to each other,

heard about, and it took all of the per- well-oh, well!" and he finished like all suasion of the hull bunch of us to keep the rest offem did. when he passed out the remaining six thing again. By this time I was getting pickles. It wouldn't be such

to clear my pipes a little. I knew what isn't the sure-enough humorist the zink was going to be sprung, but I wanted to who knows how to turn the spotligh "'Why, the way poor old Ed,' naming stick around for the finish.

'And so you feel as sorry as all that old bonehead. Dying on his feet, that's it so hard,' I said to one of them, just to jump number by his wife. His wife, of

a man-o'-war never around the footboard of his happile. Oh

'Is, hey? How's that?" I asked, just they can see is the other fellow, and

CLARENCE L. CULLEN

# THE SKY-MAN

Henry Kitchell Webster.

bacon, and set out down the well marked full well. The girl had practically adtrail toward the glacier. He had told mitted as much when she had urged him that now at least his duty toward them was done. He would rest awhile, and use it for a cloak. The world, as she then enjoy a long, calm sail across the had said, had to walk by sight. Unless ice and sea to Point Barrow.

along whose edge the glacier lay, and he of his innocence of the later one-unless thought when he took wing that he would do that—why, with the coming would be able to get a last view of the yacht and make sure that she was still bye to her; must let her go out of his safe, before he started. So, when he crossed the great line of eliffs which formed the coast, he was fly back to Point Barrow. However bitboth surprised and disappointed to find ter that parting might be, he knew that

a dense gray cloud of vapor obliterating he would always have something of her everything. It was all quiet enough that he could keep-the humanity which down there, though. They were all right. her faith had given him. He hoped she It made him shudder now, as he sat there at the feet of the girl who slept for the boat to come ashore. He would so quietly—as he sat there and listened not tell her any more than that. He did out to the utmost horizon, confirmed the concluded. "if there were any possible or three things at once, Tom Fanshaw to her slow, steady breathing, it made not mean that the parting should give him shudder to think how nearly, for a her pain-he wanted to bear all that second time that day, he had abandoned himself. But he hoped that just once her. What if that terrified cry of hers she would give him her hands again and had gone unheard? What if Roscoe— let him kiss them. He sat stiffly erect, and rubbed his eyes like one trying to get rid of a that hope, and oppressed by complete nightmare; then, with a long expiration exhaustion, he fell asleep himself. He of breath, he settled back again. If his wings had betrayed him once so, when, rousing with a start and before, they had made their compensa- springing to his feet, he saw a ray of suntion in that moment when the girl's cry shine splashed golden upon the opposite had come up to him, through the fog. wall of the hut. It must have been light Without them he could never have for hours.

She told him she had cried out to himwere paid for now and made profitable it hard to see, but apparently there was in these hours he had had with her, and no one there. Stepping outside, he turned one there. Stepping outside, he turned one there. Stepping outside, he turned one there one to sur- bridge the young man had been unnationally our bare promise."

That the Aurora's people were not sur- bridge the young man had been unnation one there. Stepping outside, he turned one to sur- bridge the young man had been unnation one there. Stepping outside, he turned one to sur- bridge the young man had been unnation.

ing more than a memory; that he knew He could not take her faith in him and the ice. he could convince those two Fanshaws,

There was no fog in the great valley for instance, of his innocence of the old charge, as the girl had convinced them life for always. The yacht would sail away, he would

would let him tell her so when they should stand on the beach there waiting Warmed a little, comforted a little with knew, at least, that he must have done Very silently, very cautiously he un-

barred the doors and pulled it open. Beto him, Philip Cayley. And his heart fore opening the outer door he drew his went racing madly now as the strange revolver and spun its cylinder underadmission came back to his mind, and neath his thum-nail. If the repulsed the declaration of faith that had gone with it. Well, he had his reward. All those lonely years in Sandoval; all the before reconnoitering.

Tom was lying unconscious at the foot near by, it would be well to be cautious before reconnoitering.

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Tom was lying unconscious at the foot near by, it would be well to be cautious before reconnoitering. deadly peril that had made up the tale | He pulled the outer door a little way

His mind was entirely preoccupied live a month!" he cried. "She's alone unplance seaward. He did not look in that say is perfectly true. She can hardly awakened by the daylight in the hut. was standing in the doorway. Her own eyes, puzzled, incredulous, only half we must go back to her. If you won't awake, were gazing out to sea. The ex- go-if you won't take the Aurora back, with that stupendous beauty that only Capt. Warner, "you could do it less painthe Arctic can attain. The harbor and fully with a revolver. The small boat beyond it, far out to sea-clear to the would not live thirty seconds after we made it possible for the rest of their

The yacht had disappeared CHAPTER XI.

to seaward.

The Aurora. "I tell you, sir, the thing is beyond human possibility. There is no help-no That, however, is not my affair. human help in the world. I would swear Warner, standing upon the Aurora's and where the open water is, we might among the crew. bridge, was the speaker. The two Fanshaws, father and son, their Then we can find-whatever there is to faces gray with despair, turned away and find." looked over the great masses of loose, were tears in the deep weather-beaten of what had happened. In the excitemer

captain's words. "How long-" Tom Fanshaw began, could fly through the air." then he paused, moistened his lips and rubbed them roughly with his hand, ascertained, beyond the shadow of a passerby. "How long," he repeated, "shall we have to wait before it opens up?" said the captain. have to wait for that?" "It's hard to tell. Generally in this the shore on the previous evening, the of the previous evening, and that their latitude the pack is pretty solid by the yacht was still invisible in the fog, and—return was hopeless. first of September. But that warm cur- though this they did not know-the Walrent which caught Fielding's ship, which rus people were already in possession of

those bare huts!

stable as the land itself, there was no There are more than thirty lives that I There was nothing am responsible for aboard this yacht, and here, nothing at all to greet their eyes, I mean to live up do whatever you say. I will take you to Point Barrow and the yacht can winter there. Then when the pack is solid, if there. Then when the pack is solid, if you can find dogs and sledges, you can

"Or, if you wish, we can take the get to Fielding bay by the first of July. His own voice faltered there, and there doubt, that Jeanne was not aboard the They had had a grim night of it, as reunited by Cayley's efforts, had reached

been spoken by any of the party, and he sound of the rising wind had drowned the creak of their oars. Half a dozen Making out the unfamiliar figures of he Walrus people on deck, and knowing hat they had a fight on their hands, they had worked their way, unobserved, to a position amidships. Here, under cover of a brisk revolver fire, they had

party to get aboard. Walrus people, several of whom party entrenched itself in the after-deck They had found arms of various sorts aboard the Aurora, and made a spirited resistance before they were final. were a number of flesh wounds wifen it

attempt the journey across the ice. I The Walrus people, however, had not don't believe it can be done. I don't be- surrendered until their plight was wholly lieve there is a chance in a hundred that desperate. Only five of them were left any single member of the party that alive, and two of these were mortally wounded when the struggle ceased. locked up in the steerage. All the woundto that before God. But I think you yacht back to San Francisco, refit her ed-friends and foes alike-were turned and come back next summer. I think over to the care of the yacht's surgeon must know it as well as I do." . Capt. and come back next summer. I think and a couple of volunteer assistants from Altogether, it was two or three hours undisputed possession of the yacht before it was possible to form any definite idea

> chance I would take it, but there is and his serious plight were not discovernone-none in the world, not unless we ed, until he himself, having partly regained consciousness, uttered a low moan It was only an hour since they had for help, which was heard by a chance The gale which had been raging all sciousness, the others had entertained heeded, and it was not until dawn that It was several hours after that, not,

of them; all the heart-hunger, for which he had sought an anesthetic in the sky, The brilliant light dazzled him and made floating about for at least another was in the abandoned hut on the shore.

The young man did not meet his fathbridge, said-said that it could be done it absurd. ess painfully with a revolver. That was rhetoric in times like this. Tom. I want certain district to place before the govyour word of honor that you won't do it." "You don't know what you're asking," his son answered brokenly. "If she had titter could be heard in the audience when little story to back up his point of view. died, only that, I could have faced the the delegate shouted very dramatically: loss like a man, as you have asked me to do; I could go on living upon my wounded when the struggle ceased.

The uninjured were heavily ironed and ocked up in the steerage. All the woundlast night. I drove her away! f course. I didn't know that at the time. I began making love to her and I showed his golden majesty, whole litters of pigs whenever he forgot a speech, he should her, not the man she had always known, are destroyed.' but a hot-headed, hot-blooded brute that she was afraid of; until, at last, she told after the Aurora's people had regained me that I seemed to be trying to kill even the old love which she had always had for me. . . . She left the yacht because she wanted to get away; because she was afraid of me! That's the memory I've got to live on, and I tell you I The terror died out of his father's face. It was stern, the face of a judge, when Tom finished. "Is there no one in the

won't do it! world but yourself?" he asked. "If what you say is true, if you are responsible Aurora. Until Tom had recovered con- this while, had gone screaming by un- for taking my daughter away from meshe was my daughter; was loved like a "It won't open up again this season— little doubt that she was safely hidden the horrified conquerors of the yacht dis- daughter—because you have done that, not if I know anything about the Arctic," somewhere about the ship. too, and leave me childless. Is that your "It will freeze, though." Mr. Fanshaw the condition of the Aurora's decks, when indeed, until the captain had worked out idea of an atonement? Would it be her said, "freeze into a solid pack that we the dawn first brightened them, testified, their reckoning from an observation, becould cross afoot. How long shall we When the two parties, which had been fore, they realized that they were one you think, if her spirit is waiting anyhundred miles away from their anchorage where, watching us, conscious of the "You are very foolish to point out your of the previous evening, and that their things we do and of the things we think? patrons' physical defects. That saddens the said, "and number-Or will she see that it was the act of a and displeases them. It doesn't make less are the quaint people I meet there. Old Mr. Fanshaw gave his arm to his coward-of a man who fled his post of them buy. It drives them away and they son, helped him down from the bridge duty in the world because it was a hard will never return. You would be wiser, His voice changed there, suddenly: the sternness was gone, the tenderness came

'You can see for yourself how he's

## Anecdotes Concerning Well-Known People.

## Sublime to Ridiculous.

your wife-and-well, I understand. But, direct, sincere and unconventional-in wistfully Tom, I saw the look that came into your that it doesn't smother up the ... oug... eyes when Warner, up there on the with flowery phrasing that often makes

"I remember," he said, "the speech of ernment's notice the horrible slaughter of their stock by tigers. A very noticeable "'Mr. Chairman, the tiger is the most

## The Wise Tailor.

THE late Goldwin Smith," said a magazine editor, "exuded good advice on all occasions. "You know how barbers, in their desire to sell tonics and pomades, make coarse faithfully portrayed. The entire study and insulting references to their patrons' was perfect, even down to the nervous baldness? Well, a Montreal barber once twitching of the fingers and the anxious and insulting references to their patrons' criticised the condition of Prof. Smith's hair in that way, saying: "'Hopelessly bad as your scalp looks, sir, my scalpene-dandruffia will fix it

"The aged philosopher flushed and re

"'You are very foolish to point out your downtown tailor. This man says to every to reach the land that Fielding reached- thing in the world, except the narrative his father halted beside a big leather sofa back. "Tom, my boy, you will see it that it to fat and lean, short and tall, alike:

On Chicago. most part, he censured Mr. Roosevelt's twilight, while the sky flamed pink in the sunset and the hotel orchestra played Massanet on the terrace, the New York girl said to the Chicago girl: 'Do you like fugues?

> "The Chicago girl sighed and answere "'No, but I adore clams."

## Critics Went Wrong.

D phia critic, "has no very high opinion of dramatic criticism, and he tells a "Tree at the beginning of his career undertook the part of the blind Col. Chalferocious animal that prowls and runs at lice in 'Alone.' Tree was a very nervous pheus, and, ere the portals of the east nervous, and therefore he arranged with are unbound or bright Phoebus rises in the prompter that on the first night. snap his fingers as a signal for help. "The first night came, and Tree forgot his lines continually. His fingers snapped all through the show like an unending pa lage of firecrackers. He thought his career was doomed, but the next morning all the critics said of him unanimously: "'Mr. Tree's artistic study of the blind Col. Challice was a revelation. Never be fore have the habits and thoughts of the blind been so carefully analyzed and so listening as though loss of sight ma-

## hearing all the more dear. Quaint Table Manners.

EROME S. McWADE, the Duluth millionaire, talked at a dinner about the delights of a backwoods vacation. "I go to a quaint backwoods village "Old Boucher, for instance, the janitor of the village church, is most amusmy poor fellow, to imitate a successful ing with his quaint ways. I had o'd downtown tailor. This man says to every Boucher to lunch one day, and the cold patron as he takes his measure—he says lobster was served with a mayonnaise sauce. When my servant offered this "'"It's an extraordinary thing-of sauce to Boucher, the old man stuck his course, you already know it, sir-but you knife in it, took up a little on the blade, have exactly the same measurements as tasted it, then shook his head and said:
the Apollo Belvidere.""